Star & Republican Banner.

☞ FEARLESS AND FREE. ☜

ROBERT S. FAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) *payable half-yearly in advance:* or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS *if not paid until after the expiration of the year.*

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III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE times for $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to

THE GARLAND.

—"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

Morus Multicaulis.

An American Song, adapted to the year 1839, and sung by Silk Amateurs, in all parts of the United States—Quakers included.

What ho! ye poets—hither bring
Your harps, and strike each *golden* string!
My summon to you all is:
Come! waken up our lazy drones,
With all your loudest, sweetest tones,
And make them stir their rusty bones
For Morus Multicaulis.

I saw a Priest rise to declaim,
And thus he spoke with eyes of flame:
(He high on Zion's wall is)—
"Dear flock! beware of naughty pelt!
The man that loves it hates himself;
O! lay your idols on the shelf,
For——Morus Multicaulis."

I saw a Levite pass this way,
And as he passed, I heard him pray:
"Lord! sin my grief and thrall is!
O Lord! look thou in mercy down—
O! turn away thy dreaded frown—
And spare our wicked, crazy town
From——Morus Multicaulis."

I saw a Doctor riding by,
And leering with a lustful eye,
Where yonder tree so tall is:
A sick man begged him for a dose—
He gave him, first, a look morose,
And this prescription: "Take *corres, Sub.*——Morus Multicaulis."

A merchant, lounging, stick in hand,
I saw behind his counter stand,
Where yonder pendant shawl is:
And as a lady sought the price,
He bowed: "We have them, very nice—
We'll serve you, madam, in a trice,
With——Morus Multicaulis."

I saw two *haut-ton* ladies meet,
Who bragged of children in the street:
"Your son more sweet than doll is:"
"O! do not mention it, my dear—
He is too sick to live, I fear—
He's had the fever all the year:
The——Morus Multicaulis."

A Pedagogue whose blockhead stool
Is oft the terror of his school,
In learning's aid a maul is,
But yesterday gave out to spell
A lesson that the class knew well;
Yet oft these words amid them fell:
"Boys!—Morus Multicaulis."

A sailor on the wakeful deep,
Awake himself, while others sleep,
Can tell when brewing squall is:
But one who lately trod the deck,
And saw far off a cloudy speck,
Sang out: "Hallo! ahoy! that wreck
O——Morus Multicaulis."

A fisherman came shouting past,
Slouching and grinning in the blast;
I asked: "Tell what your bawl is."
He answered, with a swaggering roll,
By stretching out a ten foot pole,
And said, "I'm fishing for a shoal
Of——Morus Multicaulis."

I saw a farmer at his plough,
Who murmured, with a rugged brow,
"Covered my land with pall is:
'Tis fruitless; for 'tis black as night:
No—no! I'm wrong, as sand 'tis white:
My only hope to bring it right,
Is——Morus Multicaulis."

I saw a soldier in the field,
Who off for Maine his legions wheeled;
His cry for cannon ball is:
Beneath the floating banner's fold
I see his step and bearing bold:
He bids the rattling drum be rolled
For——Morus Multicaulis.

An editor came bouncing near,
With devil flouncing in his rear:
"My aim to lay this brawl is"—
Aloud he spoke: "Good folk, be still;
I'll raise the devil with my quill,
And he shall stuff you to the fill
With——Morus Multicaulis."

A GOOD RESOLVE.—"I resolve," said a pious English bishop, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." If every one would not only adopt such a resolution, but carry it into effect, the dawn of millenial glory would soon illume the "whole broad earth."

THE REPOSITORY.

From the New York Sunday News.

The Old Clock.

Here she goes, there she goes!—Some years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of this island, and opened a public house. Among their chattles was an old family clock which they prized more for its age than its actual value; although it had told the hours for years on years with the most commendible fidelity. The clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has been the theme of remark in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine a piece, bemouthed a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes which occasionally he half-closed in a style that gave him the air of 'a knowing one,' and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to penetrate a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful co partner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth and laughter, and wit their companions, and as wine in his parti-colored flowing robes presided, there was a "set out" fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were right merry, when the old family clock whirled and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, struck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dozing by the window-sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over the table, now over and around himself to ascertain where the nest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"O ho! I understand—no you don't come over this child! waiter, another bottle of champagne." The servant left the room and our heroes inclining themselves over the table held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed,

"Clocks always go it?"

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half inquiring, half decided manner saying

"Won't it?"

The waiter was on the stairs and they returned to their seats, in a trice as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep In the morning they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending to the bar room, they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount due ever to the keeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the bar keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employers, yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to rely, the good natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase the old clock up stairs! Will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the Sunday Morning News, which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heir loom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with dollars; and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

'The fact is,' said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that.'

'A hundred dollars!' ejaculated the landlord.

Yes! You see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes' He could'nt do it. I walked the money out of him in no time.'

'You did? You could'nt walk it out of me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot!'

'Done,' cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into the chair—

'Here she goes, there she goes!' and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully on the pendulum. The Yankees behind him interrupted—'Where's the money? Plank the money.'

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore finger, slowly and surely, went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length concluded—

'Shall I deposite the money in the hands of the bar keeper?'

'Here she goes, there she goes!' was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs, but he was not to be disturbed by the trick.

Presently the bar keeper entered, and touching him upon the shoulder asked—

'Mr. B.———, are you crazy? What are you doing?'

'Here she goes, there she goes!' he responded, his hand waving the fore finger as before.

The bar keeper rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said—

'Mr. B———, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?'

'Here she goes, there she goes! was the sole reply, and the solemn face and slowly moving finger settled the matter. He *was mad!*

'He is mad,' whispered the friend in a low voice. 'We must go for a doctor.'

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him. 'You had better call up his wife,' added the friend.

'Here she goes, there she goes!' repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul 'My dear,' she kindly said, look on me. It is your wife who speaks!'

'Here she goes there she goes!' and his hand continued to go, but his wife would'nt go; she *would* stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued—

'What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife"——

'Here she goes, there she goes!' and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

'My dear,' she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, 'shall I call up your daughter!'

'Here she goes, there she goes!' the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered—

'No, madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid——."

Here she goes, there she goes!' yet again, and again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

'A consultation, I think, will be necessary,' said the physician. 'Will you run for Dr. W——ms?'

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W——ms, with an other medical gentleman, entered.

'This is a sorry sight,' said he to the doctor present.

'Indeed it is, sir,' was the reply. 'It is a sudden attack, one of the ——'

'Here she goes, there she goes!' was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

'Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered,' said Dr. W——ms.

'Ah, poor husband,' said the lady; 'I fear he never again will know his miserable wife.'

'Here she goes, there she goes!' said the landlord with a little emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife in a low, bewailing tone continued her utterance—

'No! never; nor of his daughter.'

'Here she goes—there she goes,' almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man—and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

'Ah ha! no, Monsieur you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—eh?—look—look—very fine isn't she?'

'Here she goes—there she goes!' screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. 'Here she goes—there she goes! he responded in the best English he could use—'Vare? vare shall I beg in? Vat is dat he say?'

'Shave his head at once! interrupted the doctor while the lady sank into the chair.

'Here she goes—there she—goes! for the last time,' cried the landlord, *as the clock struck the hour of nine*, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstacy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

'I've won it! I've won it!'

'What?' said the bar keeper.

'What?' echoed the doctors.

'What?' re echoed the wife.

'Why, the wager—fifty dollars!' But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young man who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar keeper—

'Where are those young men who supped here last night? eh? quick, where are they?'

'They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago sir?' was he reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt thro' his mind. They had taken his pocket book with the one hundred and seven dollars therein and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them! The story is rife on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and the facts are not otherwise than here set down; but we regret that the worthy landlord in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his own wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

Phrenology.

MR. EDITOR:—I never was more tickled, I dont suppose, in the whole course of my life, as the other night when I went down to the National Hotel and got my head examined by the great bump-doctor. I had heard 'em tell of such fixings, but did'nt never believe in any great share of 'em no how; but I thought I'd go and see what was what, so that I could tell more about it. Well, you see, I went up stairs into the doctor's room, and plumped myself right down, telling him he might go-a-head. Well, he begun to feel and poke about my head, just exactly as mother used to, after *pokers*. Says he, you've got a great organ of philoprogenitiveness. Now, you see, I don't understand Greek, and says I, what's that! Says he that's the organ for loving children—I must put that down fifteen. The devil! thinks I to myself—I shall have to be pretty busy, at this rate; because you see, I haven't above 8 or 10 children now, and, I am getting well nigh fifty. But if I must have 'em——, why I suppose I must! Well the next thing was, he said I had a great deal of combativeness—now you must undersand that a school-fellow of mine, when I was a little boy, threw a brick bat at me one day, and raised a pump on the back of my head, which has always stayed there—so I thought the doctor ought to have called it the organ of *brickbativeness*—but I said nothing. He told me, too, that I had a great deal of secretiveness, which I don't think is correct, because my wife and all my neighbors can tell you that I have no secrets to speak of. There was a great deal more which I don't remember, that I suppose would hit any body else's disposition as well as mine. But I allowed that, after the doctor had got through, he would'nt have any objections to having me examine *his* head—and sure enough he didn't; but, in case he should'nt send you an account of my discoveries, I'll just give you a few of the strong points; I guess they're about right.

Brass-face iiveness,	27
Soft-soap-iality,	40
Humbug-iiveness,	75
Common Sense,	2½
Gabology,	99
Walk-into-your-pocket-iveness,	any quantity.
Leave town-iiveness,	62—very active.

If my observations are about the thing to make any converts to this grand science, I'll give you some more of 'em, by and by.

JOHN GRIMES.

P. S. I forgot to tell you to put the stops and marks into this piece—I don't think I've got the organ of *punctuality* very strong. J. G.

ANECDOTE OF A PARISIAN CONVICT.—At the beginning of the Restoration of the unfortunate Charles X, then Comte d'Artois, was one day passing in review two regt's in the Palace Vendome. Amongst the crowd of spectators were two galley slaves, who, after finishing their time, had returned to Paris. At the head of one of the regt's, mounted on a gaily caparisoned horse, and bearing the Legion of Honor on his breast, was a handsome Lt. Colonel, a man of 45 years of age, called the Comte de St. H—l—. "See," all at once exclaimed one of the convicts, "how that gay officer looks like our former comrade who 10 years ago escaped from the galleys." The other convict, fixing a searching look upon the officer, exclaimed, "It is he, I know him by the cicatrix on his cheek." Upon this a police officer, who had been watching the dangerous pair, brought out a file of soldiers to remove the insolent observers. 'Why do you arrest us," said one of them, "for making a true remark. If you wish for a warranty for what I said take this as a proof," upon which the convict called out the concealed name of the Lieut. Colonel. At this fatal adjuration the officer turned round horror struck, and then became ghastly pale, until reeling on his horse, he fell. Since his escape he had served under a nobler name than his real name in the exterminating wars of Napoleon, where promotion being rapid, by deeds of desperate valor, he rose up to command.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—A few years ago a farmer living a few miles from Easton, sent his daughter on horseback to that town to procure from the bank smaller notes for one of 100 dollars. When she arrived there the bank had closed, and she endeavored to effect her object by offering it at several stores, but could not get her note changed. She had not gone far on her return when a stranger rode up to her and accosted her with so much politeness that she had not the slightest suspicion of any evil intention on his part. After a ride of a mile or two, employed in a very social conversation, they came to a retired part of the road, and the gentleman commanded her to give him the bank note. It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his demeanor had been so friendly—but the presentation of a pistol placed this matter beyond a doubt, and she yielded to necessity. Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew the note into the road, and carried it gently several yards from them. The discourteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped her horse to get out of his power, and the other horse who had been left standing by her side, started with her. His owner fired a pistol, which only tended to increase the speed of all parties, and the young lady arrived safely at home with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddle bags. When these were opened, they were found to contain besides a quantity of counterfeit bank notes, fifteen hundred dollars in good money! The horse was a good one, and when saddled and bridled was thought to be worth at least as much as the bank note that was stolen.

A southern paper states, that in the upper story of one of the houses, which was consumed by the late fire in Elizabeth City, there were about 200 muskets a great many of which were loaded; when the fire reached them, there was a regular firing for the space of ten minutes, and it is singular that no one was hurt.

"Mister how do you sell your sugar, today?'

"Only twenty cents a pound."

'Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening, first. Good day, sir.'

'Good day, sir. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening you will please call again.'

'Perhaps I may.'

☞ He called next day.

RATHER FOOLISH.—Two young gentlemen hating each other, on account of a lady that does'nt care a fig for either of them.

An old lady down east, recently slept so soundly that she did not awake in the morning she didn't know who she was!

There is a man in New Orleans so thin, that he gets his board for nothing, the lady of the house not knowing that he boards with her.

WARLIKE!—We saw a grandaddy, last Saturday, 82 years old, carrying an old fusee with a matchlock, to a blacksmith's, to get mended.

ONE WAY OF GETTING OFF.—It takes a Yankee to get himself out of a scrape with "flying colors," as the following will show. We find something like it going the rounds of the papers.

'Shan't I see you hum from singin' skull to-night, Jerushy?'

'No, you shant do no such thing, I don't want you nor your company, Reuben.'

'P'raps you did'nt exactly understand what I said!' continued Reuben, drily.

'Yes, I did. You asked me if you mightn't see me hum.'

'Wy, no I didn't—I only asked you *how your marm was!*'

NO PROOF OF RESPECTABILITY.—A young woman brough before the Boston Police, alleged in defence of her respectability that she was acquainted with "all the lawyers in New York." She was instantly committed for six months.

A GOOD ONE.—"High-heeled boots and a strut, is, to my mind's eye, the plainest signboard in the world, hung out in capitals—"Chambers in the attic to let. Inquire at the tailor's."—Appletree Pilpot, Esq.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Texas to his friend in this City:—

"The credit of our country, you know, is on the rise, and we are administering our affairs so prudently that we have nothing to fear from the future.

"You will bear in mind that we are decidedly in advance of the U. States in civilization. We *hang* men for murder in Texas; with you they *escape*. We have no mobs—no lynching—no Harrisburg affairs.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

A short Sermon.

"*Text*—"THE DEER-LICK."

My text is selected from that portion of the prairie called the Deer Lick; and my design is—

1. To explain the text.
2. To state and illustrate the doctrine; and
3. To make a practical application.

1. I am to explain the text.

A lick is a salt spring; so called from the circumstance that the earth about it is so impregnated with Saline particles as to be licked by the deer, the bison and other animals. These licks abound on the waters of the Kanahwa in Virginia, and Muskingum in Ohio, near Shawnetown, in Illinois; on the Licking in Kentucky, and generally in the Western States.—Who has travelled from Maysville to Lexington, and has stopped to quaff a tumbler full of the Blue Lick water will ever forget its taste or its smell! Bless me,—if all the delicious things in a drug shop,—assafoetidae, and castor oil, Epsom salts, and rhubarb, were beaten together in a vast mortar, they would make a composition nothing like it.

A lick is also any place without salt, visited by animals for the sake of gratifying their taste. Licks of this discription are numerous in the West; and though they abhor water as nature does a vacuum there are many of them on our principle water courses.

They may be known by certain infallible signs,

One is that animals visiting them are of one kind only, and that peculiar.—They have two legs and yet have neither wings nor feathers.

Another is, that these animals are inclined to be both noisy and filthy;—noisy as the moon eyed bird of the forest, and foetid as the African Goat.

Another is, that beaten paths usually lead to them.

Another is, that these licks usually have accommodations neither for man nor beast, both of which they are required to keep by law.

Another is, that those which lick there, often get licked themselves.

2.—I am to state and illustrate the doctrine.

The doctrine of the text is, with a little change of orthography, that the *Lick is dear.*

It is *dear*, whether we consider its *cost* or its *consequence.*

Look at its cost. He who licks at the rate of twelve cents a day, licks away 43 dollars and 80 cents a year; which in 20 years, without interest, amounts to the round sum of 896 dollars! Enough to build a comfortable house, buy a good farm, or educate a son at College.

He who licks at the rate of one pint a day, swallows 46 gallons in a year; and in 20 years 920 gallons, or 28 barrels and 24 gallons! And this, at one dollar a gallon, would purchase 736 acres of Congress land.

To lick so much must cost time—at least one hour in a day—365 hours in a year; about one whole year in 20. And who can afford to part with so much time, without a compensation of 4 or 500 dollars?

But the cost of licking is nothing compared with the consequences.

It leads to insanity. I have seen the animals which lick there raving mad. Of 495 patients in one insane hospital, 267 were known to have brought on their derangement in this way.

It leads to crime. Almost all the criminal cases which come before our courts are occasioned in the same way. Those who shot Lovejoy were prepared for the murder at the Lick.

It leads to desease and premature death. So every intelligent physician will testify who has not been poisoned at the Lick.—This is the testimony of 75 physicians in Boston, of 45 in Cincinnatti, and of the great body of physicians throughout the United States.

It leads to wretchedness. There is no fiction here. Look into the family whose head is in the habit of frequenting the lick, and if you find wretchedness any where upon earth, you find it there; wretchedness alive, and no mistake.

It leads to ruin, temporal and eternal.—What is one of those animals, which staggers and vomits about the lick, good for? Neither for the land or the dung-hill.—Neither for this world or the next. He is not fit to wallow with the decent swine.—When a mule has served his generation faithfully in pulling a dray, and can stand on all fours no longer, his hide is of some value: but not so with the animals ruined at the lick. Both living and death they are a curse to themselves and others.

3.—The application.

I take it for granted none of my hearers are in the habit of frequenting the lick;—yet there are those who do, and to such you have a duty to perform.

Tell the mechanic, that if he would save his cash, his character, his health, and his happiness;—if he would have a good house to cover his gray hairs; a good wife whose heart will beat in unison with his own; and good children to rock the cradle of his declining years;—tell him to *keep away from the lick.*

Tell the farmer if he would not earn wages to put in a bag with holes—that if he would not sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind—if he would not till the mortgaged farm of the sluggard, and leave his children to inherit only the reputation which drunkenness bequeaths; tell him to *avoid the lick.*

Tell the professional man to beware of the lick. To shun it as he would the poisonous tree of Java, or the Sirocco of the desert;—that instead of becoming more learned, wiser or better, he will soon be the reverse for going there.

Entreat the old to take the old road round rather than go by the lick; and in the words of the wise man exhort the young.—"Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thy heart enclino to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to Hell, going down to the chamber of death."—*Illinois Temp. Herald.*